

THE VALENTINE DEMOCRAT

L. M. RICE, Publisher.

VALENTINE, NEBRASKA.

Worry is a bad bedfellow. Kick it out.

Speaking of votes, it isn't quality, but quantity, that counts.

A preferred creditor is one who never asks for his money.

Many a man goes to the bad because he attempts to pose as a good fellow.

Bachelors may lead blissful lives, but you can't make a spinster believe it.

Don't forget there is always a wrong side to a question as well as your side.

Lay figures form a very important item in the stock equipment of a poultry farm.

Any meek and lowly man can get his wife's undivided attention by talking in his sleep.

There is certainly enough money spent on the road to ruin to keep it in excellent repair.

At the age of 127 this country's remarkable vitality may be attributed to its wonderful constitution.

Men laugh at trouble and women cry over it, or at least that's the way they usually act at a wedding.

There is likely to be a bitter taste in a man's mouth after he has been forced to eat his own words.

The trouble with trouble is that most people can't distinguish between the genuine article and the counterfeit.

A Kansas City man dropped dead while sawing wood. A most sensible man—if there was much more wood in sight.

Abdul II, may not have much money for paying his debts, but he can always find car fare for a few army corps.

If a man is unable to boast of what his ancestors accomplished it is up to him to do something on his own account.

Mr. Harry Lehr's latest triumph is a parrot that sits on his shoulder at dinner and swears. Mr. Lehr's efforts as an uplifter continue to be inspiring.

King Peter promises his devoted subjects that he will raise the army to a height worthy of the Serbian people. Always providing the army doesn't raze him first.

Often a man spends more for fire-crackers than he could get for his vote. About as often, also, he puts more patriotism in the Fourth than he does in the ballot box.

America was well represented at the last court of the season held at Buckingham Palace. Once we had "taxation without representation," now it is representation without taxation. How times change!

England's king has awarded a medal to the American architect who remodeled the white house. The least we can do in return is to offer a vote of thanks to the gardener who is keeping the grounds around Windsor Castle in good order.

A French journalist is worried because there is no distinctive word for citizens of the United States. He suggests "Unistatists." A Toledo, Ohio, man thinks this is too long to become popular, and recommends "Entios," but the Cleveland Plain Dealer, regarding this also as too long, suggests dropping the first and last syllables, leaving "It."

Five life positions in the government service, to which a salary beginning at twenty-seven hundred dollars a year is attached, have been going begging. They are in the corps of civil engineers in the navy department. After five years' service the pay is increased, and at the end of ten years it is thirty-five hundred dollars. There must be either a dearth of civil engineers, or the demand for them in ordinary business must be so great that the pay offered by the government does not tempt them. Of one thing there can be no doubt: this profession offers greater attractions to young men than it did twenty years ago.

For preserving the peace in a partly civilized country a railway, according to a famous statesman, is worth more than an army corps. Although the railways which are building from Haifa to Damascus in Palestine, and from Damascus southward toward Mecca, are primarily for military purposes, they will open up a country which was prosperous and fertile two thousand years ago, but has since become one of the waste places of the earth. They are already using American harvesting machines on the plain of Jezreel. When the proposed railways are finished there will be a demand for the accompanying modern agricultural machines. Galilee and the country beyond Jordan will again blossom as the rose.

We have of late years grown accustomed to the idea of old age pen-

sions for employes of railways, and of other large establishments, in this country. The same idea is carried out in other countries by the government, and has taken shape almost simultaneously in places far apart. In New Zealand citizens who have been self-supporting and self-respecting, and whose income from private sources falls below a fixed minimum, are given a pension graded according to their needs, when they have reached the age of sixty-five years. In Denmark a somewhat similar plan prevails. A pension is given at the age of sixty, varying from \$2.25 to \$4.50 per month, according to the locality in which the person lives. This law has been in operation in Denmark for a dozen years. A pension system exists also in Germany, and in France, Austria and England plans and laws looking in the same direction are being seriously discussed.

People may find it hard to believe, when surrounded with every luxury, that the money in the bank may some day suddenly melt away like a snow-drift in the spring sun. But it happens so sometimes. And poverty is most unkind to those who have once known opulence. Ten years ago, Jas. B. Leddon was one of the wealthy men of Boston. He was a broker, rated at at least a half million. But the panic of '93 cleaned him out and left him penniless and broken in spirit. His abilities seem to have been atrophied, for he never got up in finance again. The other day he was arrested in New York for permitting his children to peddle on the streets. For two years he had been living in a small, miserable room, supported wholly by his two daughters, aged eleven and thirteen, who sold perfumery. A thirteen-year-old boy is in the juvenile asylum. Now, broken hearted and disgraced, the once rich man lies in prison, separated from his children and charged with violating a city ordinance. It is a pathetic but significant rebuke to the insolence of wealth. People are apt to entertain the idea that if they can only get rich they are fixed for this world, if not for the next. Usually, a man who loves money well enough to accumulate a large fortune loves it well enough to cling to it. But not always, as this case, and many another testify. Money is a nice thing to have, but it is not a safe thing to fasten one's life ambition upon or to pin all of one's hopes to.

The novels that have been most popular in the last year in England represent a rather marked departure from the general taste that had prevailed for several years. Apparently our English cousins have not only eschewed in great measure the historical romance that has so long maintained its sway there, as in this country, but their preference of the last year denotes that the literature of gloom is again in the ascendant. It may be said for the historical romance that, while it was frequently meretricious in the kind of entertainment it served up, it was at least unimpeachable as to its moral effect. On the other hand, the non-historical novels that have met with a cordial reception this year in England are, broadly speaking, of quite a different character. The note is the note of depression rather than that of optimism. It would be a one-sided attitude, a narrow theory of art, to hold that fiction should only treat of human happiness. Misery, the irony of circumstance, the million defects of civilization and their tragic influence on the individual soul, are all too well known, too obviously facts to permit of their being ignored in the novel of realities. The writer of stories must perforce accept the material of life. It is the smallness of heart, the lack of the higher charities of truth-telling in the fiction of the present that impairs its worth. One receives hardly more than a cold-photographic record of life, a comfortless reiteration of the wisdom with which the soul of man is already overstored. What is the pleasure one takes in the clever execution of such pictures of human experience compared with the satisfaction that one feels in the novel wherein is encountered on every page the presence of one who desires to lift the load of humanity as well as ably describe it? It is the quality of sympathy that, after all, counts the most in novel writing, and without it the story treating of the bitterness of mundane things is seldom truly worth the reading.

On Dangerous Ground.
"Now, bishop, how old do you think I am?" coyly asked a literary spinster of a man whose unflinching courtesy was supplemented by his wit on many occasions.
"My dear lady, that is a hard question for a man who can scarcely remember his own age," said the bishop, cautiously, "and in your case it is particularly difficult, for you look five years younger than it seems possible you can be, when I consider what a wonderful amount you have accomplished."

Sea Elephant Captured.
A southern sea elephant captured by a whaling vessel on an island in the antarctic circle has been received by the National Museum at Washington. It is an amphibian, with but the suggestion of a trunk, which has no prehensile power.

Dining Cars in Japan.
The dining car has made its appearance on Japanese railways.

When any one is very far behind the times, we always imagine that one of his most cherished possessions is "The Letter Writer's Friend."

NEW AUTUMN SKIRTS.

FASHIONS OF THE COMING SEASON FAVOR ECONOMIZER.

General Tendency Is Toward Plainness in Trimming and Cut—Rough Goods Will Be Much Used—Notes on Gotham Modes.

OUR economizer is favored in the skirt fashions set for fall and winter. She may not be able to manage all the new models presented, but some of them she'll find nicely adapted to making over and utilizing sizeable remnants. Skirts are to be intricate, you see, with a good deal of cutting of the goods. Especially will the skimpier find satisfaction in the indorsement given to two and three flounce skirts. They give splendid chance for making over old dresses. In these new skirts the fullness is gained at the bottom without the bulk at hips and waist that shirred and gain-colored models give. That is a decided gain for stout women, too. Some pretty models have the ruffles graduated, some are



orating has been very trying for them. Many new heavy suitings are fancifully rough, showing large knobs, twists and knots, features that suggest dressy uses for the fabrics. Collarless styles are going out, and almost all the new models show collars of one kind or another. Dark velvet collars are seen here and there, and there seems to be a turning back to styles of two or three seasons ago. Women who don't want to give up the larger sleeves may compromise with a sleeve showing a few pleats and just a little fullness at the wrist. But those who like the plain coat sleeve, with or without the turnback cuff, may have it and feel sure of being in style. Stitching will be the stand-by in finish, for women with good figures and skilled tailors aren't going to disguise by a lot of trimmings the display made of their proportions.



INCOMING FORMS OF TRIPLE SKIRTS.

in fancy points and others are made of accordion pleatings. These latter, of course, may be followed only in the very light materials.
There are current, as any observant woman knows, a host of gathered and shirred models. They're very pretty, too, in light summery stuffs, but most of them would be altogether too bulky in the heavier weaves that soon will be seasonable. Yet it seems unlikely that all these pretty skirts will be turned down hard just because Jack Frost has made his appearance. Some of the many that would be impossible in goods of winter weight probably will be retained in the lighter weaves employed for evening, and others will be cleverly modified so that gathering or shirring may be retained with little increase of bulk. The short skirt—that is, the walking skirt designed just to clear the ground—is well established, and the coming season hardly will see any other model on the street. The three-quarters length coat is quite the prettiest coat to go with these skirts, and a suit thus composed, either in box-pleated side pleats or plainer arrangement, is quite the thing.
The newer materials shown for thick fall and winter suits include heavy, mannish goods again, both in plain ma-

terials and large plaids. The rougher the fabric, the better it will be liked, or so it is promised, and it is noticeable that with the appearance of the heavier goods, the plainer models of tailoring are appearing. It is a relief after the abundant decoration of recent seasons to see plainer models. Some of the early ones offered for the coming winter are as plain as possible. Even the sleeves are the old plain coat sleeves, and absolute fit is the one thing essential. Tailors are re-joicing for the period of extremes in dec-

fusion of lace are the noticeable features of all-fashionable gatherings.
A stock and girde of almond green taffeta is an effective bit of coloring for either a white or a black waist.
Shoulder collars of all kinds are gradually growing deeper and deeper, so that now they really should all be termed capes.
The berths, such a fashionable bodice decoration this year, is universally made of white-lace, even as a garniture on black waists.



NO INELABORATENESS HERE.

Count de la Vaulx, who tried last fall to cross the Mediterranean in a balloon and failed, owing to bad weather, is reconstructing his balloon and will make the trial again this year. His ballast will be in the form of water pumped up through a hose, the lower end of which trails in the sea. When the balloon rises more water is pumped up, and when it descends some is let out.
The cut-rate cigar has become one of the abominations of New York. A man may walk the length of a show-case looking in vain for a plain ten-cent cigar. In half the shops this traditional smoke cannot be found. He can find any number of "two for 17s," "three for 11s" and "six for 31s," but that good old ten-cent cigar of his father's and his own early manhood has vanished.—New York Letter.

Topic Times

Chicago now pays her superintendent of schools \$10,000 a year.

The bubonic plague, which has now been in India more than six years, shows no sign of abating.

The largest camp of the Gideons, the organization of Christian commercial men, is in Chicago.

There are 1,575 Young Men's Christian Associations in America, with 323,324 members and \$23,000,000 worth of property.

Mrs. Leland Stanford is said to carry a larger amount of insurance than any other woman in the world. Her policies amount to more than a million dollars.

Reporter (in the Mastodonastoria)—Is it true, Mr. Goldwaller, that you have bought this hotel? Innumerationaire—No sir! It is not necessary. I can afford to be a guest.—Puck.

The prefect of the Seine having placarded Paris with posters describing the terrible effects of alcohol and abstinence drinking, the cafe proprietors each filed a damage suit against him.

An amateur statistician in one of the government departments has figured out the interesting fact that it is about seven times safer to travel on the railways of the United States than to stay at home.

The Kaiser has recently become a landowner in Switzerland by means of a legacy. A wealthy German merchant bequeathed to the Emperor a whole alp, known as the Itigen alp, in the canton of Berne.

King Edward has given orders for the disbandment of his private band, one of the ancient features of his court. In its present form it was established by Charles II. It is composed of thirty-four musicians, under the direction of Sir Walter Parratt, "master of the music."

A loving cup of old English Jack-o'-diamonds once owned by Bishop Asbury's mother, and frequently used as a sacramental cup by John Wesley when he administered the sacrament to the little band of Methodists at the Asbury home, has just been given to the Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn.

The Belgian authorities in Africa have threatened the American Protestants with forcible eviction unless they vacate their station on the Kasal River, and their missionaries have been expelled from Juapa, because of the activity of Protestant missionaries in exposing the horrors of the awful barbarities for which Belgian authorities are responsible.

Next morning he deposited the note with a downtown trust company. Later Snyder told the story to the president of the institution. The money now awaits its original owner.

Records for Phonographs
How They Are Made for the Trade-Singer's Voice.
"Did you know," said the dealer in electrical novelties to a Philadelphia Record writer, "that there are a number of men who make their living by singing into phonographs—by making records? Yes," he went on, "some of these chaps earn from \$40 to \$50 a day. Their work requires a voice as strong and a physique as powerful as a grand opera singer's. You must yell into a phonograph at the tip-top of your lungs, you know, in order to make a good record, and for you and me to yell like that would prostrate us in about four minutes. But the professional record maker has a leather throat and a steel constitution, and you can't wear him out."
He makes four records at a time. He sits at his piano, and trained upon him are the horns of four phonographs, each at a certain angle. The angle is an important matter. It must be accurate or the record is not good. If the angle is an inch out it is necessary to destroy the record.
"So at his piano sits the singer, and into the four horns he bellows as loud as he can. When the song is done he removes the cylinders and puts others in their place. He makes four cylinders at a time, and to make 150 he regards as a very good day's work."
"You get for making these cylinders from 25 to 50 cents; though, of course, you get much more than that if you are a well-known person. A speech by President Roosevelt, for instance, would be worth considerably over 50 cents, and if Adeline Patti shall sing into some phonographs when she comes over here—I know she is to be asked to—it is safe to say that she will demand more than 25 or 50 cents a record."

PRINCE OF WALES DISLIKED.

Heir to British Throne Has No Elements of Popularity.

Far and away the three most popular members of the royal family to-day are the king and queen and little Prince Edward, eldest son of the Prince of Wales. That the king and queen would be popular everyone expected; they always were as Prince and Princess of Wales. But the present prince and princess are about the least popular members of the house of Hanover. Prince George, the "sailor prince," was once almost idolized by the crowd, says the New York Times, but that was when he was a sailor. Since he gave up the sea he has drifted back in public regard. It is some years ago that, after a prolonged period of inactivity, he suddenly took it into his head to command a battleship and started on a cruise. The British press wept tears of joy and he was the hero of the hour. But after a few weeks "the ship came back" and the royal commander has given himself leave of absence on shore ever since.

When he was younger he took his profession very seriously and never shirked the disagreeableness connected with it. There is a perfectly true story of his ship, when he was a lieutenant, touching at a Turkish port. The local governor at once came to pay his respects to the royal prince. The ship was coaling, operations being commanded by the officer of the watch, black as a negro from coal dust, and perspiring freely. The admiral received the pasha, who explained that he came to pay his respects to the queen's grandson.

"He is on duty just now," explained the sailor; "there he is," pointing to the hot and dirty officer. No wonder the public liked a man who did his day's work and never flinched nor sheltered himself from irksome tasks behind his title.
The trouble with the prince to-day seems to be that his health is indifferent. Whether his severe attack of fever just after his elder brother's death has weakened him, or whether, as some say, it is a matter of weak digestion, one cannot tell, but he is not strong, and has to take great care of

himself. At Buckingham palace they keep late hours; the king seldom retires before midnight. At Marlborough house the prince goes to bed much earlier and never sits up late. He hates horse racing and never goes to Newmarket or other races if he can possibly avoid it. The present king's death will be a great blow to the popularity of racing.

All members of the royal family avoid witnessing cricket or football matches, but the prince seems to dislike agricultural shows as well. His chief hobby is fishing, and this gives a hint to his character, for a fisherman is, as a rule, quiet, reserved and fond of solitude. The long and short of it is there will be a slump in loyalty when George V. comes to the throne, unless he comes out of his shell and imitates his royal father's geniality.

OWNER WANTED FOR \$1,000 BILL

It Was One Lost on a Pullman Car and Found by an Honest Traveler.

W. J. Snyder, an insurance man of this city, is looking for the owner of a \$1,000 bank note which he found in the smoking compartment of a Pullman car on the Reading road. The note was a brand-new yellow gold certificate. He thinks he knows the man who dropped it, but he cannot find him.

On the way from New York last Friday evening Snyder fell into conversation with a flashily dressed man who seemed to be in high spirits and ready to tell the story of his life on the slightest pretext. Incidentally he remarked that luck was coming his way, and that he had just won \$12,000 on the races at Morris Park.

When Snyder's face betrayed a shade of doubt at this statement the stranger drew out a fat wallet from his inside pocket and showed a large bunch of yellow notes. Snyder left the compartment without learning the lucky individual's name.

Half an hour later, as the train was approaching the terminal, Snyder returned to the smoking compartment to light a cigarette. In doing this he accidentally upset the box of safety matches on the floor of the car. In reaching down to pick them up again his hand encountered a crisp \$1,000 note. He stared at it in amazement for a minute and then made a hasty tour of the train, seeking the man who had exhibited his wealth so freely a short time before. But that gentleman had left the train.

Snyder thereupon told the conductor of his find, reports the Philadelphia North American. The latter demanded that the bill be turned over to his keeping as railroad property. Snyder refused to do so, but handed the conductor a visiting card with his name and address.

Next morning he deposited the note with a downtown trust company. Later Snyder told the story to the president of the institution. The money now awaits its original owner.

RECORDS FOR PHONOGRAPHS

How They Are Made for the Trade-Singer's Voice.

"Did you know," said the dealer in electrical novelties to a Philadelphia Record writer, "that there are a number of men who make their living by singing into phonographs—by making records? Yes," he went on, "some of these chaps earn from \$40 to \$50 a day. Their work requires a voice as strong and a physique as powerful as a grand opera singer's. You must yell into a phonograph at the tip-top of your lungs, you know, in order to make a good record, and for you and me to yell like that would prostrate us in about four minutes. But the professional record maker has a leather throat and a steel constitution, and you can't wear him out."
He makes four records at a time. He sits at his piano, and trained upon him are the horns of four phonographs, each at a certain angle. The angle is an important matter. It must be accurate or the record is not good. If the angle is an inch out it is necessary to destroy the record.
"So at his piano sits the singer, and into the four horns he bellows as loud as he can. When the song is done he removes the cylinders and puts others in their place. He makes four cylinders at a time, and to make 150 he regards as a very good day's work."
"You get for making these cylinders from 25 to 50 cents; though, of course, you get much more than that if you are a well-known person. A speech by President Roosevelt, for instance, would be worth considerably over 50 cents, and if Adeline Patti shall sing into some phonographs when she comes over here—I know she is to be asked to—it is safe to say that she will demand more than 25 or 50 cents a record."

Breakfast Food.

People who are accustomed to partake of dry toast and hot water for breakfast will enjoy the point of view of a waiter in a restaurant of the far West, as told by the New York Times: "The traveler from the East took his seat at the table one pleasant morning and gazed pensively out of the window until some one approached.
"Have you any breakfast food?" he inquired.
"Well, I guess yes," cheerfully responded the cowboy waiter. "We got ham and eggs, fried sausage, chuck steak, spareribs, mutton chops, corn-beef hash, hog and hominy, light bread, heavy bread, hot bread, cold bread, corn bread, apple butter, peach butter, cow butter, coffee, tea and buttermilk. Breakfast food! Why, that's our winner. Name your grub."

Few Jap Women in New York.

In the colony of Japanese in New York city there are about 1,000 men and but thirty women.